When do I mean to marry? - Well. -This lifte to dispute with fate. But if you choose to hear me tell. Pray listen while I fix the date. -

When daughters haste, with one of feet, A mother's daily toil to done. Can make the puddings which they eat, And mend the stockings which they we

When maidens lock own a man' as in himself will you would marry,

When gentle kidio who have get

When young a same allowed To find and wed the farmers' girls Who don't expect to be endowed With rubies, diamonds and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give ind live as they were wont to live Within their sires' one-story bouses;

Then, madam,-if I'm not too old,-Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
Ph brush my betver: cease to spold,
And look about me for a wife!

MOSES ORAN:

"THE RURGLAR'S NEST."

BY GEO CLARENCE BLANCHARD.

THE NEST OF THE TOMTIT.

Rear the close of a cold day in October, a traweller dismounted from his jaded horse, and enbered a little hostelry, or tavern, situated in the then wildest region of Pennsylvania. The stranger, who was a large, stout-looking man, heavily bearded, paused before the door which led into the barroom, and peeped inquisitively in; seeing a small group sitting around the table, he walked

a small group sitting around the table, he walked very leisurely toward them, introducing himself in a frank, easy style.

"A good evening, gentlemen, to you all."

The company, who were carnestly engaged in conversing, hardly noticed his entrance, but when he spoke, they instantly paused and greefed the newcomer with a le k plainity expressive of surprise, curiosity as larger. One of the party, who had a less smaller and surly face than the gest, gravely as anger. One of the party, who had a less smaller and surly face than the gest, gravely as anger lowerd him, eyeing him tarply, as he s.id.

"You wish lo trings, my man?"

"Certainly I do, Mr. Beg (who at the mention of his own name visibly started); what else should I stop here for? There's my pony wants the same thing; attend to him first, and in the meanwhile I will make myself at home."

So saying the stranger, scarcely heeding the general scowl which greeted him as he said this, coolly lit his segar, and forthwith stretched himself in an easy posture in Tim Beg's favorite armehair, much to the aston-hament of that gentleman, who slowly moved to ward the door, winking slyly to his companion as he did so.

The stranger commenced to smoke, eyeing the empany with a nonchalance and familiarity that took them completely by surprise.

"You ver doing here for?" growled a dark

company with a nonchalance and familiarity that took them completely by surprise.

"Vot yer doing here for?" growled a dark visaged, ugly looking scoundrel, whose poxmarked face was half obscured by a dirty cap. He rose as he spoke, and drew out a sharp kaife.

"Oh, ho!" laughed the stranger, sending up a long spiral column of smele, and regarding the other with a half sneer. "Don't attempt to frighten me: aint your name Dick Hatton?"

Searcely had he asked the question before the whole party sprang instantaneously to their feet, and confronted him with the rage of tigers—a more precious crew of cut-throats could hardly have been found.

"Kill him! kill him!" was the general cry. Pis-

Kill him! kik him!" was the general cry. Pis-

tels and bowle knives were promiscuously drawn, and one could see they longed to lap the blood of the unfortunate man, as they crowded round their victim. Dick Hatton, with an ugly grin, in-

top, boys: the fellow is safe. I vant to cata-

rously at his segar. "You're bright people all of you, pon my word; now, Beg, see if you can trot back to the stable, and put my horse in better quarters than you at first intended; and hearken, lad, tell that spoony of a wife of yours to fix up something hot; I'm blassed imagry. Now then, what are you all gaping at me for?' aided the Tomiti, surveying the group with a derivive smite. "Didn't know me, when I've cheated you so often? Nice follows:" Nice fellows!"
The gang indeed looked very foolish, at the un-

expected denouement; their weapons were case more returned to their hiding places, and they stood staring at their chief, scarcely believing their own

"Ther devil 'imself would find it 'ard to tell ye,'
"Ther devil 'imself would find it 'ard to tell ye,'
"bserved Dick, suikily. "Vy, Beg, as know,
everybody, with you eye, gets taken in; but, Tom
bi, vot's like news?

Never you trouble your head for that, it will some in good time." replied Tomtit, draining a giass of ale, officiously placed before him. "Everything inst as I suspected; the police were on our track as tiamble's, but I fixed 'em." With this brief synopsis of news the Tomtit tenned back in his chair, and continued to smoke in a thought-industrial meditating manner.

in his chair, and continued to smoke in a thoughtful, meditating manner.

In about fifteen minutes Mrs. Beg, a portly, red haired lady, amounced that supper was ready, and the gang adjourned to a small spartment in the rear part of the building, where a rude meal was served up; a roast pig formed the principal feature of the entertainment, which was quickly washed down with a liberal sapply of whiskey.

"New, then," said the Tounit, after he had satisfied his hunger, and was string the components of a second glassful of punch; "now, then, boys, I'm ready to tell the news. In the first place, Crib has been cribbed."

"What!" ejaculated the gang with one voice, "Crib nabbed!"

"Orib is cribbed, and that's the short and long

"Cris nabbed" "Crib is cribbed, and that's the short and long of t," observed the Tomtit, globally. "Once was the time the trade could be carried on, and hone of us ran the least bit of a risk; even a "Nest" wasn't necessary; now the thing gots every day more dangerous, and the profits gow

"But what about Crib!" inquired several of the

"But what about Crib!" inquired several of the gang, and sustly.

"Crib," continued the Tomtit, "acted like a prescots took it told him all the boys had left but him, but he was so blasted confident he kept larging and putting off, till he got cribbed. He would just stose his peopers and walk into the pri wishout any one helping him in confound him, he nearly dragged me with him."

The company now pressel the Tomtit for more detailed information, from which it appeared that that unlucky individual had industed in a spreadant having boasted pretty freely of his achievements in the burglary line, was incominently pounced upon by the finiadelphia police, who had keng been on the leokout for him.

"He ven't peach I 'ope," observed Dick Hatton. It voud be a werry bad blow-up after all the trouble of 'owskeeping, not saying nothing about 'aving no private conveniences, and a place for to lide when they find blows ligh."

"He all reging to peach," and Mr. Beg, authoritatively, unot here I know him to be a bully man."

"So do I, so so i," exclusined several voices at J.

so do I, so do I," exclusiond several voices at

"As to the matter of fat," remarked Tomtit "As to the matter of mat," remarked Tomtis, he'll keep things dark, and may be set them on the wrong seem, et him alone for that. But blast me," continued the gentleman, "Must lim't the thing; we can't spare Crib; why the whole twelve of us are wanted for next week's job, and Crib was such a locksmith that his services were next to gold; but it is just our confounded lack."
The Tourist, with this her reference to have valuable qualifications of Mr. Crib, proceeded to max a third glass of whiskey punch, and to swaller the same with a look of becoming sorrow and resignation.

resignation.

* he's gone," continued the Tomtit musicaly,

* Is open it's best to try a different plan; I tell
you what, boys, I have a great mind to postpone
the visit to old Van Clocker's for a foreight at the visit to old Van Clocker's for at forthight at least, till I could get one of us in some way connected with the house; I heard the other day that the old gentleman wanted a goneh man, and if I had somebody to personate one, why it would be a LITERATURE.

very ram thing to get him in there, and then, don't you see, there would be no need of a lockamith." "Vy don't you go. Tomtit; yer vould make a ram coachee, yer vould?" suggested Dick, with a

rum ceachee, yer vould?" suggested Dick, with a grin.

"Why, as to that, I suppose I might suit the old gentlemen to a hair." returned the Temtit complacently; 'but I have something more important to manage; no, I'll tell you what, boys, I've a good mind to send one of you."

"Good," said several voices.

"I know," continued the Tomtit, "all about the house, as far as that goes, for I have visited every nook and corner myself, but still it would be very convenient to have somehody to let us in; Crib could have opened the back door easily, but seeing he's caged, we'll have to give up getting in that way."

"Histi" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Beg, describing with his finger a rapid movement in the direction

"Histi" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Beg, describing with his finger a rapid movement in the direction of the window. The burglars started and pricked up their ears as they distinctly heard the sound of an approaching vehicle; it was just wheeling up before the taveru, and Mr. Beg, who had been sent to reconnoitre, quickly returned to report to the anxious gang that it was only a traveller who had lost his way and wished to stay over night. "He's a joly looking 'un and has a big carpet bag," whispered Mr. Beg.

This intelligence caused a momentary excitement: the burglars started up, their fierce eyes sparkling with eager delight, but meeting the gaze of their chief they sullenly resumed their reats.

"Is it a werry comfortable looking bag?" inquired Dick, rubbing his hands in expectation of plunder.

"Very promising looking I should say," replied Mr. Beg; "but what shall I do with the owner?"

Four tailow candles were now brought into the

plied Mr. Beg; "but what shall I do with the owner?"
Four tailow candles were now brought into the room, and the bargiars held a harried conversation as to how they should dispose of their visiter; some were for dispatching him at once, others were for making away with him silently; but as a prolonged discussion seemed likely to arise, Mr. Beg was commissioned to see to the personal comfort of the gentleman, provide him with a supper and make ready his apartment, which last direction caused Mr. Beg to grin from ear to ear.

"Mind," said Dick, "to put im in the room yet's got the trap door, vich is ther werry model of convenience, and ther comfortablest room in ther 'ouse."

vet's got the trap door, vich is ther werzy model of conwenience, and ther comfortablest room in ther 'onse.'

Mr. Beg laughed approvingly at Mr. Hatton's humorous allusion to the trap door, and left his friends to continue their consultation.

"My advice," said Dick, "is to run 'im down ven he s snoozing, and drop 'im in ther vat; dead men doesn't tell tales."

"Dead men does tell tales, though," interrupted one of the burglars, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper; "they come up and peach, if its only to get a cove in trouble."

"I think so, too," chimed in another, who was known by the soubriquet of Molecat; "they'll come up sometimes ven its werry inconvenient and troublesome. Vonce, ven I wos doing business in the pad line, in York, we cotched a fellow one night who wos werry lushy. It was a werry good haul, an' some on us was for letting him go; but he kept such a hollerin' and threatening, that, arter parleying a leetle, Bill Hedges gives him a knock on the head vich silenced him; vell, afore we tossed him in the river, Bill ties a big rock to his neck to prevent his coming up and breeding a lot o' nasty questions; but the werry next morning the spitchil corpse comes ashore without the rock, and holding tight onto a piece of Bill Hedges' jacket, vich wos the means of conwicting him and sending him to the gallows."

Mr. Molecat's record of his personal experience seemed to make but little impression on his listeners, for the main subject under consideration was resumed, and a lively debate sprung up, which was, however, not participated in by the Tomit.

That gentleman sat quietly listening to the various opinions, deigning no other comment but an occasional nod of his head. It was evident that the burglars were unanimously in favor of instantly destroying the traveller, though they essentially

the barglars were unanimously in favor of instantly destroying the traveller, though they essentially varied in their proposed plan of operations. Mr. Dick Hatton watched his leader's counter

nance during the progress of the conversation, but it looked stolidly indifferent. "Vot's yet opinion, Tomtit?" he inquired anx-"Vot's yet opinion, Tomtit" he inquired anxiously. "Aint yer going to say nothing?"
"Of course I am," replied Tomtit, planting his legs defiantly on the table; "my opinion is the opinion that's got to be adopted, and no chattering. Now, look here, continued he, fixing his restless eyes on the group, "you all want to make way with this traveller?"

"That's so," exclaimed the burglars.
"And I," continued Uomtit, coolly, "am for letting him yo."

"Stop, boys: the fellow is safe. I vant to catachise im afore he's made mincement of. Come, now, who are ye?"

During an the tumult occasioned by his remark, the stranger had kept his easy, half recumbent position, regardless of the menacing group, continuing to smoke with the most astonishing coolness, and eyeing them all with a sort of saucy smile that was absolutely provoking.

"Come, now, who are ye!" repeated Dick Hatton, tightening his grasp on his bowie knife.

The ruffins pressed nearer, a dozen knives were raised, but still the stranger manifested not the slighest symptom of alarm. Carelessly divesting himself of his beard, he proceeded in the same quiet way to displace a black curiing wig. In one second more, the gang had burst into a wild halico, which sent I'm Beg rushing back.

"How my eyest" exclaimed he, letting his pipe fall from his mounth in his amazement. "Why, it's the Tomtit!"

"Noslody else," replied that individual, who had not changed his position, but was pufflag v.gorously at his segar. "You're bright people all of you, pon my word; now, Beg, see if you can troy back to the stable, and but my hor se in better

remain in the matter tooks over, but, it has an it missed, between that and the job there'll be such a hue and cry raised that we won't dare to show our heads; now do you understand?"

"Vell, s'pose we run the horse and wagon up the country, and hitch his clothes by the side uv the river, vich vill look as though he circumwented himself?" suggested Mr. Molecat.

The Tomtit shook his head contemptuously.

"Now, then, what would you get for the painstaking and risk? Why, just a carpet bag, and maybe a few trifles; people aint such fools as you take them, to go lugging money round the country—there would be plenty of questions asked about the carpet bag, and likely enough the horse might take it into his head to come back—horses aint fools either," observed the Tomtit, sarcastically.

Mr. Molecat scratched his head, as an expres sive indication that the argument was unanswerable, and a short pause ensued.

"Vell," remarked Dick Hatton, breaking the silence, "ther Tomtit's right, I spose, but it does look sorter hard arter the bird's cotched to perwent the picking of im. It's mean, that's vot

does look sorter hard arter the bird's cotched to perwent the picking of 'im. It's mean, that's vot it is!'

The Tomtit voncheafed no seply to this sullen speech, but lighting a fresh segar, he rose, shook himself, and called Mr. Beg into an adjoining apartment.

"Where is the man?" said he.

"In the back room, eating his supper," was that werthy's reply; "you can peep at him easy enough, for I left the door on the swing."

The Tomtit accordingly crept stealthily into the passage, and getting on his hands and kneet, obtained a very excellent view of the stranger, who was quietly proceeding with his meal. Scarcely, however, had the Tomtit's restless eye peeted within, than he gave a start of surprise, and retreated tunnediately.

"Here, Beg., he whispered, in an excited tone, as that individual followed him back again to the private room; "here's a confounded go. Who do you surpose that man is."

Mr. Beg. of course, intimated that he didn't knew, whereupon the Tomtit, looking around to satisfy himself they were alone, brought his han I in the form of a trumpet close to Mr. Beg's car, and whispered:

"It's Duffy!"

in the form of a trumpet close to Mr. Heg's car, and whispered:

"It's Duffy!"

Mr. Beg's face turned deathly pale.

"What," he whispered, "the detective?"

"The same rejoined the Tomtit, with an expression plainty denoting his agitation. "Who or what should bring him here alone, I neither know nor can guess—Beg, keep this from the boys, they are savage enough now, but if they should find out truth, I couldn't control 'em. They would tear this man to pleces, but, Beg, that mistn't be; they must be led off; for it would be the worst thing yet to kill him; he would be missed as sare as preaching."

thing yet to kill him; he would be missed as sure as preaching."

"Is this the one who has been trying so long to find our Nest!" inquired Beg.

"The very same," replied Tomitt. "You know the State government has offered a reward of over five thousand dollars for the discovery of our whereabouts, and this Duffy has been sneaking around trying to find us, not so much for the possession of the reward as some private aim; he aint a regular Detective, or he might be led off, years ago he was on our track. I have been watching him all along, designing to finish him when a good opportunity offered, but the wiry scoundred managed to escape me; he may disguise himself as much as he likes, he can't cheat me."

"He's disguised, then!" said Mr. Beg, amazed afresh.

"He's disguised, then?" said Mr. Beg, Amadea afresh.

"Of course he is; that fatness isn't real. He thinks he's unknown to me, but I'll pay him off yet," rejoined the Tomtit, with a silent imprecation. "Lik get rid of it, but it mustn't be done here. Now then, Beg, listen: Fetch me a lantern and the key of the———You understand me."

Beg nodded his head, and flew off with alarrity. No one entertained a greater admiration of the Toutit than that gentleman; he regarded him with the same deference a dog would show to his matter, and was contented as long as he could testify his servile affection; he quickly returned with the lantern and key.

As the Tomit was about to start he turned and whispered:
"Let me out by the back door, Beg."
"All right," was the quiet response,

"Not a word to the boys, mied; if they mise me, tell 'em I've gone to bed."

The Tomtit, with this parting caution, made his exit from the door, which Mr. Beg held open, and welked rapidly off.

The faithful custodian of the Burglars' Nest

footsteps of the burglur chief had died away in the distance; then he carefully closed and relocked the door and returned to the bar, there to muse over the surprising and startling disclosures which the Tomtit had made to him.

IN WHICH MR. DEFECTIVE DUFFY MAKES A FRIEND. It was one of those remarkable eircumstances that sometimes happen in real life that Mr. Detective Duffy should have unconsciously blundered into the very place he had been searching for vainly the past two years. As he sat quietly eating his supper he little dreamt that a few yards off stood a figure which the mere sight of would have moved him to an absolute frenzy; and well it might-there was a story connected with that

might—there was a story connected with that figure—a tale so heart rending, so terrible, so revolting—of faith broken, of hospitality abused, of wrongs perpetrated, as could have been well passed over. It had left its impress on the careworn features of that old man, discernible in every lineament; his gray eyes seemed to finsh with the same spirit—of deep, absorbing revenge.

He finished his supper, and moving his bench nearer the fire, took out a silver repeater and compared the hour with a large, old fashioned clock that was ticking in one corner of the room; having done this, and replaced his watch back again to its fob, Mr. Detective Duffy proceeded to warm his legs, and rub them slowly up and down in a contemplative mood, alternately gazing in the fire, then around the room, and finally, with no small degree of surprise, on the bluff face and form of Mr. Timothy Beg himself. That gentleman, who had very quietly entered, took off his hat and made a low bow.

"Sorry to trouble you," said Mr. Beg, apologetically "but there's a care side was the said.

had very quietly entered, took off his hat and made a low bow.

"Sorry to trouble you," said Mr. Beg, apologetically, "but there's a parson outside here who had the bad luck to lose his horse by some naty accident, and wants lodgings for the night; seeing you've got a good fire, and p'r'aps feel lonely. I reckon you won't object to let him share it for awhile. Poor fellow," contined the innkeeper, "he looks pretty nigh fagged out."

"Let him come in, by all means," said the Detective kindly.

"Walk in, my man," said Mr. Beg, patronizingly, and the stranger modestly entered.

Mr. Beg then retired, after assuring his guest that his room should be ready in a very few moments.

ments.

The new comer's appearance indicated that he belonged to the poorer class of the clergy; he was clad in a long cloak soiled with mud, and bore in one hand his saddle bags, also much stained by contact with the earth; he had evidently been walking a considerable distance, for his countenance wore a haggard and wearied expression.

"You seem to have met with a rough time of it, my friend," remarked Mr. Duny, as he moved his bench so as to allow the other to get seated.

His companion, whose face was one of a mark-

His companion, whose face was one of a marked devotional east, bowed his head in silent assent.

"Let me relieve you of your cloak," said the Detective, sympathizingly; "you look much fatigued."

"Many thanks," replied the other, as the Detective assisted to remove the garment; "a long walk and the excitement consequent upon a serious accident have indeed somewhat unstrung me; but, thanks to a kind Providence, the danger is

"Your accident, then, was a serious one."
"Very," responded the preacher, raising his eyes with earnestness to the ceiling; "verily, the danger was great, but a Higher Power preserved me. I was riding on in fancied security, when suddenly my horse pitched into a deep ravine; I was thrown violently to the earth, and knew nothing till I found myself lying alongside of the poor animal, who had broken one of his legs; his fall broke the force of mine, and, as you see, with the exception of a few broises, I am uniquired. Hemoving my saddle bags, I crawled back into the road, scarcely knowing where to turn my steps; but, thanks to a kind Providence, I was guided to this inn."

but, thanks to a kind Providence, I was guided to this inn."

"Your escape was indeed miraculous," said Mr. Duffy. "I am sorry that you should lose your horse, which must prove a great misfortone."

"A very great loss, sir," replied the preacher. "He was a faithful beast, and has carried me safely many a dark night. I can searcely account for his unformate misstep on this occasion."

"The roads are very treacherous hereabouts," said the detective; "I once nearly experienced a similar mishap."

"It falls heavily on me," rejoined the preacher, with a sigh, "for I am a poor man."

"Your calling has many cares!"

"Cares," echoed the preacher saily; "it has manifold cares. It is well for my rich brethren who are clothed in the linen, and fare sumptionally every day, to talk about their cares; but, sir, when they have suffered what I have passed through; when they have suffered what I have endured; when they have suffered what I have endured; when they have borne huager, cold, neglect, insult—ah, sir—even ignominy, they may talk about their cares and preach as many homilies as they please about coalentment and resignation. The world calls me nothing but a poor time-rant, little understanding why I have chosen a life so thankless."

The preacher pansed and passed his hand across

so thankless."

The preacher paused and passed his hand across his forehead, as though to obliterate some painful reminiscence, and continued:—

"But, I work not for this world. I have long

since given up its pleasures, looking to the land where, as the good St. Paul says, we shall feap a bountiful reward."

Mr. Duffy insensibly felt a growing interest for

bountifel reward."

Mr. Duffy insensibly felt a growing interest for his companion, whose pale, thoughtful physiognomy lit up with the enthusiasm of religion.

"And not only those," remade the preacher, casting his eyes meekly towards the detective, "not only those cares, but something else. Ah, sir, there is a secret in every man's breast that he would, perhaps, never reveal." As the preacher said this he again regarded his companion attentively. The detective's face was turned half aside; he made no reply.

The preacher continued.

"And you, sir, have you never too, feit any cankering care; or locked up in your heart's casket some dark, gloomy picture that you would make through the paint on his cheeks.

"Why the question?" he asked almost fiercely.

"Your pardon," said the preacher, midly. "I have unwitingly touched a tender spot; but your face, sir, it looked so like—"

"How like; what mean you?" exclaimed Duffy, moving back in surprise and even anger, but perceiving his companion appeared hurt, he added more softly.

"I meant not to be harsh, but wherefore the

moving back in surprise and even anger, but perceiving his companion appeared hart, he added more softly,

"I meant not to be harsh, but wherefore the question?"

"Because," said the preacher, "you look so sorrowful; yet not sorrowful, either; I read in your face something that has happened that you would like to suppress if you could; pardon me again." He paused abruptly, for the detective's face was buried in his hands, and his head bowed down, as though convulsed with some internal agony.

"Go on," he marmured, faintly.

"It looks," continued the preacher, "as though you were tortured with a fiend that never left you what watched you when you slept, followed you when awake, breathed in your ear reveng; for some fancied wrong, or"—he did not finish, for the old man suddenly raised himself up, and looked the speaker full in the eyes.

His face seemed transformed from the countenance of a human being to something unreal-and awful. There was so much agony, grief, despair and rage resting on every lineament, that the preacher involuntarily shrank back and uttered a

name of a human being to something increate and awful. There was so much agony, grief, despair and rage resting on every lineament, that the preacher involuntarily shrank back and uttered a low ery.

"Stop, my poor fellow, I have frightened you," said Duffy, catching him by the arm, and restraining him as he was about to rise; "I mean no bodily harm to you; be seated, and listen: I am not," continued the detective, with a hurried glance around the room as he spoke—"I am not what I seem. You have deemed my manners wild and strange. I reel that I have unintentionally alarmed you; but your observations brought back passions hat ought not to be read or traced on this face, and yet I fear they are too palpable."

"Others might not notice it as I have," observed the preacher.

"True, others might not, but you, I see, can read the face well."

"Then I am right," said the preacher, suil;

"Right," repeated the other, "why ask that question; you have read more of my history than I could have ever wished."

"Alas! it must be a sad history," said the preacher.

"It is," rejoined the other, solemnly; "some

"Alas! it must be a sad history," said the preacher.

"It is," rejoined the other, solemuly; "some time, perhaps, I may tell you, but not now—not now."

The old man paused, overwhelmed by his feelings; the candle had burnt out, and the fitful fishes of the burning embers gave a lurid glean around. Bolt upright the preacher sat in the same position, his face so ghastly pale that one would have thought it the countenance of the dead.

The old man noticed the deathly pallor of his companion's cheeks; his eyes seemed rivoted with a vacant stare on the opposite wall.

"You are sick," said he, partly rising: "the fatigue and excitement that you have gone through have been too much for you."

"It is gone," muttered the preacher to himself;

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then recovering his self-possession, he said, with a

feeble smile—
"Only a slight qualm; it is over now."
"I am needle-sly depriving you of your rest," said the detective.
"No, no," replied the preacher, "I am better now, and many thanks for your sympathy. It is not often I meet with one so kind as yourseff; hard fare and bad treatment have not made me insensible to attentions."

where do you propose going to-morrow?" in-quired Mr. Duffy." "You've lost your horse, and it is a long distance to the nearest town."
"The Lord will be my guide," said the preacher; crossing his hands with resignation.
"Never mind," rejoined Mr. Duffy, kindly; "you shall go with me. I have a horse and chaise; it is large enough for us both."
"I accept the offer with gratitude," said the preacher; "your generosity affects me; you go in the morning?"
"As early as dawn," realied Duffy, it I must be

the morning?"

"As early as dawn," replied Duffy; "I must be off as soon as possible." A brief pause ensued.

"This is a lonely place," remarked the preacher, stirring the fire, for its expiring embers were already easting deep shadows around the apartment.

ment.

"Lonely enough; such a place as I fancy might be the rendezvous of villany," replied the old man thoughtfully. "Do you know," continued he, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that there is something about this house and its inmates that I do not like."

"Indeed," exclaimed the preacher, with survise.

"Yes, wait one moment and I will tell you,"-

rise.

"Yes, wait one moment and I will tell you,"—the detective arose and cautiously bolted the door; after listening a few seconds, to assure himself the movement was unnoticed outside, he returned to his seat. "I believe," said he, speaking low and carnestly, "that this is a den of some kind—the inkeeper is honest looking enough, but as I was passing to this room—,"

"Whisper lower or we may be overheard," interrupted the other excitedly, and in a tone so different that the detective involuntarily paused.

"Ha!" whispered Duffy, "never mind me; you see as I was passing to this room, I caught eight through a little crevice, which the deuse himself would have hardly seen through, a dozen dark looking scoundrels, one of whom I am certain I have met before—don't be alarmed, I may be mistaken in their character."

"Do you not feel afraid," asked the preacher.
"No, I am used to these things," rejoined the detective, with a smile. "See," he added, pulling out two revolvers, "these are modern inventions; invaluable as they are, their use is not generally known or appreciated. There will be a time when even scoundrels will know their value. With them," continued the detective, "I am more than a match for a score of desperadoes."

"You think there is danger, then," observed the preacher.
"No immediate danger, I apprehend," replied

preacher.

"No immediate danger, I apprehend," replied the other, as he returned the pistols to their hiding place. "I have made arrangements to remain in this room, preferring to sleep on a bench rather than trust myself in a chamber that I know nothing about. The door, as you see, has a good bolt, and I think you had better remain also, rou will be safe enough."

"You think me a coward," said the preacher, smiling.

"You think me ? coward," said the preacher, smiling.

"Prudence is not cowardice," remarked the other. "There are times when the bravest quall; our nerves have more to do with that than you imagine; but, surely, you do not intend to risk yourself anywhere else!"

"I do," said the preacher, quietly; "the inn-keeper pointed out my room, and by this time it is ready. I should judge it safe."

"Very well, if you will go," observed the detective, "examine your apartment carefully before you retire; ascertain whether it has a good, strong bolt; make sure there is nobody under your bed, and look out especially for trapdoors and sliding panels."

Molecat.

"Vy, nobody knows," replied Dick. "Next veek we wisit ther old cove in Philadelphia, and maybe he's got 'is mind on that."

"He was a saying," observed Mr. Molecat, "that it was a werry bad move to raise the vind on small tops."

and look out especially for trapdoors and sliding panels."

"I will take a careful look, and if anything justifies suspicion I shall return," rejoined the preacher. "Good night."

He extended his hand, and it was warmly grasped by the detective.

"I will see you in the morning." said he; "remember, my vehicle is at your service as far as I go. Good night."

The preacher again expressed his grateful acknowledgments for the kindness of his friend, and with another cordial press of his friend. it wos a werry bad move to raise the vind on small tops."

"Vot's that got to do vith it?" rejoined Dick, angrily. "Ther Tomtit is werry nice all at vance, but—Hi! there—" Mr. Hatton's quick ears do-tected approaching footsteps, and giving the sign te his companions, he changed his tope to one of drunken jocularity, and commenced hemming a tane, heating time on the table.

Mr. Heg entered very hastily.

I cok here, my cronies, this noise won't do: I've got another cove here, and if you keep such a racket—"

"Gut another cove?" exclaimed they all in a breath.

CHAPTER III.

The Burglars' Nest was well named. Situated in one of the lonellest and most inaccessible parts of Pennsylvania, its existence was hardly known; few travellers stopped there, and ome of those that did were never heard from

again, so little could be told. Rugged and steep was the way that led to it, with here and there a frightful ravine to break the

gioony expanse of giant trees and tangled shrub-bery, that lined the road for miles.

The structure itself was a venerable wood build-ing evidently built during the Revolutionary war, though fer what purpose could hardly be con-cived, in so wild and unfrequented a portion of the country. Twenty-five years ago the tourist. the country. Twenty-five years ago the tourist, in his woodland rambles, height have often met with mysterious looking habitations, long untenanted, which to the country people had a ghostly prestige; where spectral lights could be seen at night, and unearthly noises were heard during the day; of which a variety of dark stories could be told, terrible to children's ears, and listened to even by the stranger with vague horror.

and listened to even by the stranger with vague horror.

These old abodes were perhaps some former tavern, where dreadful murders were said to have been perpetrated, still haunted by the troubled spirits of the victims; the sign swinging mournfully in the wind, and the door broken from its hinges, from which issued the reptile and its companion, the owl, screeching its melancholy song during the night.

Such was the general character of the old "half-way" houses and "Boar Heads" of olden time, but the Burglars' Nest, though of undoubted antiquity had as a second to reduce the sound take place, but there were no ghosts to vex the actors in the bloody scene, save their own disordered fancies. As for company, when the burglars were there everything was social and lively enough, and, as Mr. Beg opined, a little more so than was necessary.

and, as Mr. Beg opined, a little more so than was necessary.

The former occupants of the Nest were an old couple, who, having mysteriously disappeared, left the Tomtit to take quiet possession without the trouble and expense of questions a ked, and monthly rent to pay. The place was fitted up as a tavern, according to the suggestion of the Burglar Chief, and Mr. Beg obtained the appointment of custodiau of the same, receiving as a recompense for his services a share in the yearly profits of the trade, which, as that gentleman sagatiously observed, "was a very good thing when it paid." But, as the old novels say, let us resume the thread of our story.

of our story. "Yell, it's mean, that's vot it is!" ejaculated "Vell, it's mean, that's vot it is!" ejaculated bick Hafton, with an oath, the moment his leader bad left the room, as narrated in our introductory chapter. 'Vunce wos ther time ther Tomit would ave broken 'Is 'ed afore he'd let sich game slip, but blast my peepers, he's gettin' dummy."

There was a general grunt of approval from the burglars at this expression of Mr. Hatton's views, who rendered them more emphatic by bringing his brawny fist on the table with tremendous violence.

lence.
"Couldn't we perwail on him?" inquired Molecat, mixing a whiskey toddy, and swallowing it at

cat, mixing a whiskey toddy, and swallowing it as a breath.

"Perwall on the Tomtitt" repeated Dick, contemptuously. Oh, yes, yer kin perwall on him."

Mr. Hatton thereupon winked in a sarcastic and significant manner, indicating that if the Tomtit could be prevailed upon, it would be altogether a singular and unprecedented circumstance.

"You can't come the double shuffle on him," spoke another: "when his mind is made up, it's made."

"I tell yer vot, boys," said Dick, causing his right eye to wink again knowingly, "there aim no use to perwail on the Tomtit, but it comes to my mind ther thing might be done vithout perwailing!"

"How yer going to manage it?" asked several at once.

"Vell, afore that's told yer must swear yer won't peach to ther Tomtit."

Mr. Hatton thereupon took out a dirty copy of the New Testament.

The burglars hesitated; inflamed with liquor and irritated by the decision of their chief, they nevertheless feared the consequences of engaging in an undertaking unsanctioned by him. Amongst them Tomtit was regarded with a feeling even amounting to superstitions veneration. His knowledge of character, his cool, indomitable courage, and, above all, his skill and daring in carrying out dangerous and hazardous schemes, had placed him inabove all, his skill and daring in carrying out dan-gerous and hazardous schemes, had placed him in-stinctively at their head; they were ascustomed to be led and directed by his superior judgment, as well as controlled by his fertile and powerful mind. They, therefore, had some reason to all ere taking a step so decidedly against his deciared purpose.

LITERATURE.

Beg."
Good," said several voices. "Beg shan't know

"My adwice," continued Mr. Hatton, "is to make out to ther old 'oman that we start to-mor-row arter game, vich vill please ther old 'oman, of course; then give ther Tomtit ther stip; 'ed off the feller, and smash in 'is daylight in short

rocks."
"Veii, then," pursued Dick, "arter that's done then comes ther spoils. I'm thinking, boys," added he, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, "that ther Tomtit doesn't care no vay, long as the thing's

done quiet."

"Wot about the spoils?" inquired Mr. Snag.

"Vy. Beg knows more 'uv that than he lets op,"
replied Dick. "It come to my mind there a a
power of many in ther old cove's bag."

It was curious to see how the burglars' eyes sparkled at the mention of the carpet bag of Mr. Detective Duhy, which they now firmly believed contained a treasure. But for Tomtit's controlling influence they would have despatched that gentleman at once, without much form or ceremony. They thirsted for his blood, too, as the tiger longs for his victim.

"Ven he set ther bag down," continued Dick, examining his companions faces to watch the effect of his remarks, "Beg says it chinked, and blow me if ther Tomtit doesn't know more about it than he lets on."

'Vot makes the Tomtit so contrary?" a ked Mr.

companies. Some still moved, and he continued etily to puff at his segar till a half hour had peed, and he felt sure that all were cound each. Then slowly rising, he glided softly out of room; he paused cautiously in the passage and ened—nothing could be heard but the tacking the clock and his own half suppressed breath-

the further end of the entry was a small clo-

"Vell," said Dick, impatiently, "vot's the

softened in a look of tenderness that Illuminated every feature with an expression half remorseful,

every feature with an expression half remorseful, and singularly feminine.

The picture was the miniature of a female face eminently beautiful; the light brown hair, blue eyes and innocent, expressive features must have delineated a girl that had barely seen sixteen summers; a smile ling-red on the ivory prototype, as though cenght involuntarily by the artist; a smile so full of life, buoyancy, hope and joy, as might have inspired the beholder with sympathetic feeling. mum for?"

"It's a purty nice plan," observed Molecat, scratching his head thoughtfolly, "perwided the thing can be done 'andsomely; but the boys, yet see, are afeard the Toutit might get vin 1 of the matter."

"How's the Tomtit going to know?" interrupted a short, burly villain, who had hitherto maintained a profound silence.

Every eye was turned to the speaker. Next to the chief himself none wicaded so powerful an influence over his associates as Mr. Snag. Mr. Snag was the oldest member of the gang, and had formerly been a pirate by profession, but finding that business more dangerous than profitable he joined himself to the fortunes of Tomtit, lost an eye in his service, and soon acquired the reputation of a bold and intrepid burglar.

Mr. Snag seldom spoke. but when he did he was

so full of life, buoyancy, hope and joy, as might have inspired the beholder with sympathetic feeling.

The burglar chief, with the lantern still raised; contemplated the face a few moments, then slowly add and I towards the beach where the detective lay beaut in profound slumber, as he gazed on the form of the sleeping old man, his countenance gradually resumed its cold, hardened expression.

"If" said he, speaking unconsciously half, slowd, "he had kept himself away from the nest find the spared his life, but he has sealed his own doom; years might banish hate; love might dies away, but—"he paused and looked at the miniature again, and this time with a cold, repulsive indifference; "it matters not," muttered he, returning the picture to the old man's pocket, "I shall pursue my course, even phantoms shall not frighten me from,"—he paused again, and instinctively gazed at the opposite wall—"fool," continued the burglar chief with a malignant scowl at the sleeper, "what mad destiny directed you here? Poor fly, you are already entangled in the web's meshes; have you been pursuing me for years only to fall in my power? and now Philip Mandon"—the burglar chief, who in the carnestness of his thoughts had spoken hill aloud, suddenly stopped, for his practiced car caught the sound of Dick's frightened breathing. Afraid to retreat, afraid almost to move, that villain had remained in the same position.

In one moment Tomtit's lantern was extinguished. and intrepid burglar.

Mr. Snag seldem spoke, but when he did he was listened to with attention, it being a principal of that gentleman never to say anything unless he felt, like it, or deemed the subject worth taiking about.

"I say, how's the Tomiti going to know?" repeated Mr. Snag, taking his segar from his mouth, and regarding his companions with an air of defiance. "Dick's right, and blow me if you all aint as ready for the game as he or i. Where's your pluck, eh?"

"Vun-eyed Snag, yer a transfer of a bold me. "Vun-eyed Snag, yer a trump, that's vot yer
"Vun-eyed Snag, yer a trump, that's vot yer
"Vun-eyed Snag, yer a trump, that's vot yer
"Now,
ys. smack this ere book, and then we'll perceed to business."

The oath was accordingly administered in due form, and their glasses having been replenished with liquor, Mr. Dick Hatton, after satisfying himself that no one was eavesdropping, lowered his voice and said—

"In ther fust place we must be mum afore Rear."

breathing. Airaid to retreat, afraid almost to move, that villain had remained in the same position.

In one moment Tomtit's lantern was extinguished and all was in profound darkness. The terrified wretch, well knowing the character of hid chieftain and what he might expect, hastily scrambled out of the orifice, and quickly opening the secret door, with the most inconceivable spect traced his way back to the room; his comrades were still snoring in harmonious concert; he threw himself down on the floor and counterfeited sleep; scarcely had he closed his eyes when the door opened, and the Tomtit walked deliberately in. The fire yet continued to light up surrounding objects, and by its ruddy glow Tomtit examined the faces of the sleepers. Coming to Dick, who was apparently buried in deep alumber, he regarded him attentively; a peculiar expression fitted across his face as he did so—an expression fitted across his face as he did so—an expression fitted harden and the faces of the sleepers. Coming to Dick, who was apparently buried in deep alumber, he regarded him attentively; a peculiar expression fitted across his face as he did so—an expression fitted harden has face as he did so—an expression fitted across his face as he did so—an expression fitted for the armony of the face of the sleepers.

Mr. Dick Hatton felt quite relieved when his lader had fairly retired, and exagratulated himself on his having made a most fortunate escape; his thoughts reverted to the singular circumstances connected with it—meeting the Tomtit so unexpectedly—his wild and strange muttering to himself and the miniature—all these things seemed incomprehensible to the duil brain of Mr. Dick Hatton; to solve it was a mystery, a problem, which disturbed him not half so much as the reflection that he might be still suspected. After turning the matter in his mind over and over again, and coming to the point where he first started from, Mr. Dick Hatton wisely concluded the Tomtit must be in love, and thus thinking. Are peed as he; he systematiz

off the feller, and smash in 'is daylight in snore order."

"Werry good," said Mr. Molecat, approvingly.

"It was a remark o' vun of my old pals that ven a thing was quickly done it was veil done."

"That being got through vith," continued Dick, "it's easy enough to 'ide ther body. Let vun-eyed Snag alone for that."

"Well said, Dick," interrupted that gentleman, nodding his head in acknowledgment of the compliment: "but hew will you get rid of the team?"

"I'll manage that," chimed in another burglar. "I'll drive it to the peak and tumble it over the rocks."

caution.
"Your servant," returned Tomtit, in a tone of hamility that would have deceived his own fol-

hamility that would have deceived his own followers.

The door was immediately unbolted.

"Good morning," quoth the detective, rubbing his eyes; "I have slept well, and hope that you have been equally fortunate."

"I slept well also," replied the counterfeit, "without any unpleasant apprehensions; though your remarks, I must confess, did disturb me."

"I was wrong, after all," rejoined Duffy, striking a light; "it seemed to me that I had seen one of the men before; there was something familiar about his face—but more about that presently;" he went to his carpet bag and took out a small package; "this," said he, "is our breakfast. By he by, we have no time to lose; at least I have not." "Got another cove?" exclaimed they ail in a breath.

"Just so," replied Mr. Beg, carelessly. "It's a parson. He lost his horse over the peak, and came near tumbling over himself. Blow my eyes, f he aint a poor 'un!"

"Poor vun!" replied Mr. Hatton, in a tone that expressed anything but satisfaction. "Vot's set im coming here for anyhow?"

"Ask him yourself, said Mr. Beg, with some sperity. "I tod you he's lost his pony. He aint worth picking, at you set your mind on that."

"Vell, t should like to know," rejoined Mr. Hatton, with a frightful imprecation, "vot's set 'im coming 'ere for? Vere's ther Tomtit."

Mr. Beg replied exasively that the Tomtit had 'gone to snooze." "I'm going myself," added he, 'tor it's hard on to reidnight."

"Deg," called Dick as that gentleman turned to leave the room, "tell that oid 'oman 'un yourn that ther boys go arter game to-morrow, so she needn't perwide us any vituals. If ther Tomtit misses us he'll find it out 'imself. Blast my peepers!" continued Dick, as Mr. Beg vanquished, "he'd perwent us that if he could."

The burglars grinned, and puffed silently at their segars.

"Yot yer going to do vith their parson, boys?"

cross.

"All right," annuanced that worthy, with a frightful yawn; "the team's harnessed."

Mr. Beg glanced meaningly at the Tonait, who returned the sign significantly.

The detective, little dreaming of the true character of his companions, followed them into the open air. The morning was coming in damp and cool, and a slight fog obscured the gloomy expanse of forest. segars.

"Vot yer going to do vith their parson, boys!"
inquired Dick, suggestively.

"Let him side," said one.

"I wos going to hobserve," put in Mr. Molecat,

"that that wos my opinion. Parsons are werry
troublesome to get rid 'uv, and ven you make way
yith 'em, ten to vun they don't bother you arterpanse of forest. "The air is chilly; wrap yourself well up," said Mr. Dury, as he arranged the harness; "these Pennsylvania fogs are favorable to disease. Come,

They get into the vehicle and rode slowly down the hill; it was a steep, craggy descent, with sharp, jutting rocks scattered round on its uneven surface; few wheels had ever defiled along that narrow road.

"You have visited these parts before," remarked.

"Vell, vot's he doing here?" interrupted Dick.
"Vot's ther tother fellow doing here too? Yy,
ther Nest hasn't been wexed vith so many wistations for years and years. It looks werry bad."
Mr. Hatton thereupon shock his head gloomily,
and lit a fresh segar. the counterfeit, with a cunning glance at his com-The night was now gradually wearing on, and the burglars, under the somnific influence of to-bacco and whiskey, were already giving signs of drowiness. mion.
"Yes," returned the other, thoughtfully, "I have
len been this way, but never knew before of the

"Yes," returned the other, thoughtfully, "I have often been this way, but never knew before of the existence of that tavern. It is strange that a public house should be kept in so wild and unfrequented a portion of the country; travellers soldom passe by—it's a mystery."

"A mystery!" repeated Tomtit.

"Yes, a mystery. I have been thinking there is something about it that has an ugly, suspicious look."

the burglars, under the sommitic influence of tobacco and whiskey, were already giving signs of
drow-siness.

Mr. Snag had long-since dropped asleep, having,
with characteristic regard for his own comfort, selected the warmest side of the hearth. Mr. Molecat shortly followed his example, and lay snoring
under the table, with his segar in his mouth. The
rest, after some very weak attempts to listen to
Mr. Dick Hatton, dropped off, leaving that individual in the midst of a long dissertation on the
degeneracy of the Tomit.

"Snooze avay, lazy bones," muttered he, surveying them with a scornful glance; his ugly
countenance looked even demoniacal, peering
out from the cloud of smoke that hung around
the room. There stood the table, as it stood at
the commencement of the evening, with the
catables, bottles and glasses scattered about.
The candles had one by one burnt away, and left
a long trail of grease, which dripped even on the
upturned faces of the sleepers. Throwing another
log on the fire, Dick seated himself in a more comfortable position, and gave way to deep and
earnest contemplation. Next to himself Dick
loved money, and when a probability was presented of obtaining it, he seidom stopped to consider
the risk incurred or the policy of the under aking.
The plot he had hatched occupied his mind, and
banished all thoughts of sleep. As he sat, gazing
on the dickering embers, a new lidea gradually unfolded in his brain: "expanded, and grew more
definite, till his ugly features lit up with a grin of
triumps. He turned round, and looked at his companions. Some still moved, and he continued
quietly to puff at his segar till a half hour had something about it that has an ugly, suspicious look."

"So you said last evening," rejoined the Tomtit.
"Since then my suspicions have been confirmed.
Years ago," continued the detective, "I heard of the existence of a place similar, as I should judge, to this, the rendezvous of an extensive association of burglars. For a long period Philadelphia hastbeen the theatre of a series of daring, bold exploits by these fellows, who, so far, have succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police, and indeed of the State government. Their leader is a man who unites the most consummate tillainy with a reckless, intropid spirit, having a great talent for personation and acting, he has contrived to accomplish the most unheard of exploits."

The Tomtit affected great futerest.

"He must be a wonderful fellow, surely."

"He is a wonderful villain," replied Duffy, clenching his teeth, and at the same time giving the reins a violent jerk.

"Do you ever see him?" inquired the Tomtit, noticing, and even exulting, in his companion's agitation.

"See him," repeated the other, "see him;" he passed, and then, in a calmer tone continued, "I

noticing, and even exciting, in his companion's agitation.

"See him," repeated the other, "see him;" he paused, and then, in a calmer tone coutinued, "I have seen him, yes, many times." His lip quivered slightly. "I have seen him—he is a wretch, a scoundrel, a villain of the deeped dye, a —""

"Hushi" said the die embler, softly. "These are harsh words to the even of those who may deserve them; oft do we condemn without reflection, our prejudices leading us to violent extremes; but could we listen to the voice of reason and truth, how often would we repent of hasty judgment—how often would we recall these hasty views of character."

"But if we know them to be true," suggested the detective.

views of character."

"But if we know them to be true," suggested the detective.

"If we know them to be so," rejoined the counterfeit, "that is different, though charaty would make us more lement. This man, you say, is truly bad?"

"I do; his infamous character is widely known. O," exclaimed he, with sudden energy, "would that I had him here! I'd tear him limb from limb." Philip Mandon," hissed a low voice by his side, "you have him here!—he is sitting by yourside!"—and the Tomtit's knife pointed straight to the detective's heart.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which is for saic at all the stores throughout the city and ask for the New York Ledger, which will be ready on Monday, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

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At the further end of the entry was a small closet; he groped his way easily there, and after a short search succeeded in finding a dark hantern. This was lit, the slide carefully closed, and the burglar, with stealthy, cat-like pace, proceeded in the direction of the detective's room.

Not many months before, he had accidentally discovered the existence of a secret entrance to this apartment, which he believed was unknown to the Tomiti, and, his confederates. The matter had been carefully kept to himself, and now it would prove of use to him.

By the aid of his lantern the burglar soon found and touched a spring. The panel flew open, revealing an opening large enough to admit a manin a stooping posture. Beyond that was mother. Carefully closing the first, he crept on—one mevement more, and he would be in the detective's room. The panel was noiselessly drawn aside, when the burglar suddenly shrank back in mute surprise, and stood trembling at the entrance with silent horror.

There stood the Tomiti, with his back turned almost close to the startled burglar. In one hand he held a lantern, in the other a picture which he was earnestly gazing upon. If the subordinate could have looked on the face of the chief at that moment, he would have been still more surprised; the fierce, dark countenance, furrowed by numberless marks and sears, seemed transformed; the eyes no longer gleamed with ferocity, but were